

fully asleep at the time. He pointed out the fact that the rivets in the boiler were practically intact, showing that there was no defect in the construction of the huge machine.

The sheets on the rear of the boiler had apparently been stripped off over the bolt heads, but there appeared to be no crack in the heavy iron sheets.

It was suggested by several railroad men that the intense cold of the night—16 degrees below zero—had frozen the pipes so that the water did not feed to the boiler.

**RAGGAGE CAR RIDDLED.**  
Charles Ives of Little Falls, engineer of the passenger train, says that when he passed the engine of train No. 23 he saw no sign of trouble, but the fraction of a second later he heard a loud explosion above the roar of the train and felt the dragging and grinding of the air brakes on the cars behind him. The baggage car, which was immediately behind the locomotive, was shot full of holes, as if it had been under bombardment, and remained on its tracks, however, and went on with the locomotive, while the cars behind went hither-sketter into the ditch.

Trainmaster Charles B. Ray of Syracuse, who was at the scene of the wreck this afternoon, gave the following as his opinion of the cause of the disaster: "The explosion of the Buffalo Special was due to the explosion on the westbound train. There was no collision. Train No. 23's engine did not strike the boiler of the exploded locomotive. That boiler was found directly on the eastbound train track behind train No. 23. The boiler must have been in the air all the time while train No. 23 was plunging the field, and train No. 23 must have passed under it. The whole train left the track and with the exception of the car which went over the fence glided off like a sleigh till it came to the embankment, and then it turned over on its side."

**PROPERTY LOSS \$75,000.**  
It is estimated that the property loss to the railroad will reach \$75,000. Six hundred feet of track was torn up.

The crew on the eastbound train was the crew that went over the westbound train the night before. These two crews run opposite each other, and the trains were brought together at the precise moment when the boiler of one of the engines exploded.

**THE DEAD ENGINEER AND FIREMAN.**

The trainmen killed were Engineer John Allen and Fireman Joseph Brennan. Engineer Allen, while a comparatively young man, had been in the employ of the company for many years, and railroad officials to-day said that he was one of the company's most trusted employees. He was about 50 years old and leaves a family in Albany. Fireman Brennan lived at Amsterdam, where he leaves a widow and several children. He formerly resided at St. Johnsville.

**THE INJURED.**

A list of those most seriously hurt follows:

MRS. FRANK EVERTS, wife of the superintendent of the western division of the New York Central, back severely strained, in dangerous condition.

Col. ROTH, ear torn and shoulder bruised; Mrs. Roth's back severely strained.

B. D. LISK, head lacerated; caught between two seats and badly scalded by escaping steam.

M. STRAZER, Albany, N. Y., badly cut and bruised.

SUNNY WEST, New York city; injured about the head.

MRS. CHARLES VORRUS, Utica; contusion of the head.

LUTIS LOUGHLIN, Utica; bruised arm and wrist.

B. E. CARTWRIGHT, Buffalo; dislocated rib and contusions, badly shocked.

Mrs. H. E. REYNOLDS, New York city; scalp wound.

J. C. MCKINNEY, Bay Shore, N. Y., secretary to Chairman O'Dell, contusion of hip.

P. H. BROWN, president of the Brooklyn Car Company, Pittsburg, Pa.; contusion of the head and arm, sprained back.

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FULLON GORDON, Rome, Italy; secretary of the World's Fair Commission; contusion of the hip and sprained back.

Mrs. FULLON GORDON, Rome, Italy; severely shocked.

Judge WARREN B. HOOKER, of Fredonia, N. Y.; severely bruised.

ROBERT W. SMITH, Syracuse; right leg sprained and left hand crushed.

FRANK A. JENKINS, Ithaca; bruised and suffering from shock.

GEORGE DICKSON, Toronto; bruised and badly shocked.

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON, Buffalo; right leg lacerated.

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we left the track on some high embankment, to be dumped at the bottom a splintered mass. I had been thrown from my berth into the lee of a man opposite, who, I discovered later, was Fred Titus, the former professional bicycle rider. I don't know how long the flying sensation lasted. At the longest it couldn't have been more than a second or so, but to me it seemed minutes.

**THE GROUND, THEN JUMPED.**  
"Finally, there came a terrific jolt that cracked the woodwork of the car and sent the glass flying in all directions. It seemed though the car had struck something on the spot directly underneath the berth in which Titus and I were. We could hear the grinding of the trucks against the woodwork, and every moment we expected to feel them shoot up beneath us and crush us to the ceiling. That lasted only for an instant, though, and then the car seemed to dance over its side, the hoist to moment and, righting itself, plunged on again."

I can best describe what followed by asking you if you have ever seen a rabbit jumping along easily. You know how apparently it bobs from its hind to its fore feet as it jumps. Well, that is just about the way that car went. First the forward end would dig into the earth, then it would jump again and the rear end would strike, and so it continued until Titus and I found ourselves being one another and saying:

"My God, how long is this going to last!"

"When the car finally did come to a stop, I was lying on my side. There were about twenty persons in the car, and they began to pile out as fast as possible, wrapped in blankets, but in their haste the car was lying on its side and the door was not open. You had to walk along supported by your hands against the woodwork of the berths. There was, however, very little confusion in the car. Almost as soon as the car stopped it became known that there had been no serious loss of life rendered the cars and undertook the perfectly hopeless task of finding some of its own clothes."

Haupt said that the car which he was in was one of those which cleared the fence. It was, he said, fully twenty feet from the side of the fence and almost five feet away from the track. The day coach, which was ahead of sleeper No. 2, was still further away from the track. The fence was not disturbed, and many of the passengers had to climb over the barbed wire fence in getting back to shelter in the westbound train, according to Haupt's explanation.

Fred Titus told practically the same story. He said he had noticed a peculiar jerk to the train some time before the accident occurred and had asked the conductor about it. The conductor said that it was caused by the train running through snow drifts. He said that more than a hundred people were jammed out of the windows by the employees and other passengers.

Titus walked back to look at the boiler of the wrecked engine. It was so dark that he could not see whether it was badly wrecked. He was one of the first passengers to find the body of the engineer. It was near the engine and was practically paralytic. The fireman, Titus says, was lying on the other side of the engine. He was carried for by a trained nurse who was on the westbound train, but lived only about twenty minutes.

J. F. Kesseler, a wool merchant who lives in the Carnegie Hall building, said that he did not hear the explosion. The first thing that he realized was the terrific jar when the car struck over in the lot.

"It was a marvelous escape," said Mr. Kesseler. "I can't understand why there were no more fatalities. The car was so full of passengers that had over themselves during the excitement also seemed wonderful to me. There was scarcely a cry that I heard, and very little confusion. There wasn't a man on the wrecked train who didn't act as a man."

Mr. Kesseler crawled out through a hole in the roof of the car.

W. R. Spooner, a lawyer of 302 Broadway, also a passenger on the wrecked train, was in the same car with Justice Hooker.

**HOOKER HAD TO BE HELPED OUT.**

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By taking advantage of the purchasing power of your ready money. Three Full Months Yet For Winter Clothing.

25% to 33% can be saved by taking advantage of the greatest sale of high class fabrics ever organized.

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British Woolens

Must Be Sold at Once.

Suitings as low as \$20

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Burnham & Phillips

119 & 121 Nassau St.

YELLOW HAIR AND BAD CHECKS

TENDERLOIN VISION DOES UP THE WOOD ALCOHOL BELT.

They'd Had Hoeh, the Multi-Widower, Up There, and Sandrock, the Boy Hand!

—And Now Joe's Bride Has Gone With Their Cash and All Joe's Trousers.

With the corners of Tenth avenue and Forty-seventh street for a centre, the neighborhood for several blocks around has been liberally sprinkled with bogus checks, and Detective Quinn and Fitzpatrick of the West Forty-seventh street police station are looking for the dashing young woman with yellow hair who did it.

Helen Gates is the name the checks bore, as payee, and they were signed by "P. McGuire." They range from \$5 up to \$38 and among those who have these souvenirs of the blooming young woman's industry are Charles Brandt, who is a butcher on one corner, and the Pekovitch Bros., who are grocers on another corner. Edward Miller, grocer on the next corner north, has a memento, and P. Ross of 42 West Forty-ninth street is also possessed of a souvenir that cost him \$18.

Peist of 410 West Forty-second street has a McGuire autograph that cost \$18, and two doctors of the neighborhood are also among the mourners. Mr. Miller told about it yesterday.

"Around in Forty-ninth street Mrs. Hauff is janitress of an apartment house. She is known about the neighborhood as a respectable woman and a tradesman's trust. Suddenly she began to suspect that a dashing young woman whom she introduced as her daughter-in-law and the daughter-in-law always had a check to cash. She first wanted me to cash one for \$28, but I demurred. Then she took it down to Pekovitch and he passed over the money. It was very hard to refuse that young woman. I'd have cashed a check for her yesterday. When she came into my store and bought a dollar's worth of stuff and tendered me a five-dollar check, I well, I cashed it. Why my clerk here would have cut right in and cashed it for her himself I hadn't. But I cashed it all right. And then the superb ways of the young woman!"

"Why, when I cashed that check she actually gave me a twenty-five cent note with my own money right in my own store for writing on her."

"Well, when the check came back 'N. G.' I went up to see Pete Ross, the carriage trimmer in Forty-ninth street, and tell him about it. I said to him, 'Pete,' says I, 'how's this?' Then I told him. Pete, he looked kind of queer. Mrs. Ross was there at the time. When she had gone out, he fished out a piece of paper and he says, 'says he, 'How's that?' Bessed if it wasn't another of those checks. She'd done Pete for a tinner."

"Well, I got Quinn and Fitzpatrick from the police station and we went around to Mrs. Hauff's, thinking we might find her daughter-in-law. Mrs. Hauff said all she knew was that the young woman came home with her son about three weeks ago and threw her arms around her neck, burst into tears and said, 'Mother! Oh, my mother! Joe and I are married and I'm your daughter!'"

"Joe is Mrs. Hauff's son. He is a motor-man and runs at night. We asked where he was and he was in bed. We wanted him to come out. But there was a difficulty about this, for Joe is a little shy on clothes just now. Fact is, the dashing young woman,